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The Mercury.

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Newport, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1798, and is now in its one hundred and forty-eighth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with news of all kinds, and with a large front and general news, well selected, mixed and valuable news, and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies 10 cents. Extra supplement 10 cents to be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given to advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 206, Order Sons of St. George—Percy Jeffry, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TENT, No. 18, Knights of Mo-
ca—George G. Wilson, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COUNT WANYON, No. 112, FORESTERS OF
AMERICA—William Ackerman, Chief Ban-
ker; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secre-
tary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—
James Sullivan, President; David Melton,
Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W.—Robert P.
Peckham, Master Workman; Perry B. In-
leyer, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednes-
days.

MALONE LODGE, No. 89, N. E. O. P.—W.
Fred Watson, Warden; Mrs. Dudley
Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hiber-
nians—President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan;
Secretary, Katie G. Curley. Meets 2nd and
4th Thursdays.

REPROUD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—M. W.
Knight Captain William H. Langley; Ex-
ecutive J. Gorton, Recorder. Meets first Friday.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir
Knight Captain William H. Langley; Ex-
ecutive J. Gorton, Recorder. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

CRAN McLEOD, No. 168—James Graham,
chief Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets
2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Exceptional Weather.

The weather of the past week has been in some respects unprecedented. The first few days of the week were warmer than it sometimes is in the middle of the summer. Last Sunday was especially sunnier and although it was very damp and somewhat foggy there were many out doors to enjoy the balmy weather. Overcoats would have been uncomfortable except for the dampness. During Monday and Tuesday the weather continued warm but Wednesday it cooled off perceptibly and since then the weather has been seasonable. There have been warmer days in January many years ago than we experienced this year but there has never been such a prolonged spell of continued warm weather during the month.

In Boston and Providence the warmth has been even more noticeable than it has in Newport. The phenomenon has not been confined to New England but has been general all over the country and in Pittsburgh a man was overcome by the heat one day this week. In Vermont the sun has been running in the maple trees and the owners would have tapped them but for the fear of a sudden cold snap which might have killed the trees.

Newport has not had the severe blizzard which followed the warm spell in the West and worked considerable havoc there. It was predicted for this latitude but seemed to disappear before it reached here. The sales of coal and of winter clothing have been small in Newport recently and although the public is satisfied the dealers are not so well pleased.

The sixteenth anniversary of the Newport Horticultural Society was observed by a dinner for the members of the society and their friends at the Clifton House on Tuesday evening. There was a large attendance and the occasion was a most enjoyable one. Mr. Alexander MacLellan, the president of the society, presided, and Col. Andrew K. McMahon acted as toastmaster. Music was furnished by Messrs. A. H. Swan, Charles D. Stark, Jr., R. Roseon and J. H. Allen. There were some very interesting addresses by members of the society.

Mr. George W. Mason, who has been for a number of years foreman of the MERCURY job department, has resigned to accept a responsible position as managing foreman of the large plant of the Standard Printing Company of Boston.

A part of the embankment behind the abutments of the High bridge on Water street caved in a few days ago, making quite a hole in the landscape.

Lobster Consumption Increased

The lobster inspectors have kept a record of the consumption of lobsters in this State during the past two years and their figures show an increase during 1905 over the previous year. In 1904 the markets, restaurants and saloons disposed of 220,000 pounds of lobster, and in 1905 of 301,650 pounds, an increase of 74,650 pounds. At Sakonnet, Block Island, Watch Hill and Narragansett Pier 130,000 pounds were recorded in 1904 and 197,641 pounds in 1905, giving a net increase for the State of 122,300 pounds.

For the year 1905 there were engaged in lobster fishing in this State 55 sail and power-boats and an equal number of row boats and skiffs. The number of lobster pots in use was about 9100. The lobsters received from Nova Scotia from Dec. 19, 1904, to June 30, 1905, were 1758 crates, or 806,950 pounds. In this lot there were 5170 short lobsters and 212 egg lobsters.

The lobster inspectors during the year made four prosecutions for short lobsters, and fines aggregating \$175 were imposed, while there is one case still unsettled.

Apprentices Break Quarantine

The apprentices who have been kept under restraint at the Training Station because of the outbreak of spotted fever in their number made a break for liberty last Sunday evening. Thirteen of them succeeded in leaving the barracks where they were quarantined but only one succeeded in getting away, the others being captured and returned to their quarters within a short time.

The boys have been isolated since their arrival at the station last November. Every few days one of their number would be taken away and although they have not known the exact condition of affairs they realized that a dangerous disease had secured a foothold among them. The strain has been great and last Sunday thirteen of them made a break past the guard in the hope of escaping from the situation that confronted them. They dashed over and past the apprentice seaman who was on guard at the door and were free on the island. All being new arrivals they were not familiar with the locality and all but one were easily apprehended and were quickly returned to their quarters.

Whist and Dance.

The regular meeting of Muncie Council, No. 8, D. of P., was held in Builders & Merchants Hall Tuesday evening. After the business meeting was over, the hall was open for whist and dancing. The attendance was very large, the twenty-four tables being filled and many of the members were unable to play. The first prizes were awarded to Mrs. John Radford and Mr. Lars Johnson, and the consolations to Miss Olson and Mr. Richard C. Williams. After the whist was finished salad, rolls and hot coffee were served at the tables. Dancing followed until one o'clock.

The next whist will be held on Tuesday evening, February 13th.

The Enterprise Line of Fall River, better known to the traveling public as the New Line, has secured a landing at Jamestown and the steamers will begin stopping there about the first of April. A contract has been entered into between the directors of the Jamestown & Newport Ferry Company and the officials of the Enterprise Company, whereby the New Line secures the privilege of landing at the Ferry wharf. The wharf will be built out longer and other alterations will be made by the Ferry Company. The New Line agrees to make a landing there every day in each direction.

R. B. Bowe, who has been mentioned as a reporter on Town Topics in the law suit connected with that publication in New York, was located in Newport for a number of years, being employed at the Western Union telegraph office. He resigned his position in the office to go on the regular staff of Town Topics. While here he was a member of the County Club and is well known throughout the city.

Miss Ethel Cozzens has returned from a visit to St. Louis, where she was the guest of her cousin, Miss Susan Landers. The engagement of Miss Landers to Mr. James B. Finch of West Superior, Wis., has been announced. Both Miss Landers and Mr. Finch come of Newport families and they became acquainted while they were visiting in Newport last summer.

The second of the union meetings at the Opera House was held on Sunday evening last with a large attendance. Rev. J. Chester Hyde preached on "Best Fruit" and Rev. James A. Richards on "Man's Mightiest Enemy." There was special music.

Mr. B. Hammatt Sambury of Springfield, is visiting his father, Hon. T. Mumford Sambury.

Mr. George W. Mason, who has been for a number of years foreman of the MERCURY job department, has resigned to accept a responsible position as managing foreman of the large plant of the Standard Printing Company of Boston.

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St. Paul's Lodge.

The annual meeting of St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, A. F. & A. M., was held at Masonic Temple on Thursday evening with a large attendance of members. The election was presided over by District Deputy Grand Master W. R. Davis of Bristol, assisted by W. F. B. Wilson of Bristol as Grand Master of Ceremonies.

The following officers were elected: Worshipful Master—Frederick Bradfield; Senior Warden—William H. Langley; Junior Warden—E. Benjamin May; Treasurer—William J. Cozzens; Secretary—W. Thatch T. Bowler; Chaplain—Rev. Charles A. Stenhouse; Senior Deacon—Clark Burdick; Junior Deacon—Henry B. Layton; Senior Steward—John B. Johnson; Junior Steward—Dudley B. Peckham; Marshal—William P. Heyman; Sentinel—William H. Hempstead; Musical Director—Joseph H. Garnett; Tyler—George H. Loveloy; Financed Committee—W. T. P. Peckham; Joint Chaplains—Andrew K. McMahon, William J. Cozzens, W. George E. Vernon; Trustees—W. Frank E. Thompson, W. Jere W. Horton, W. George E. Vernon.

There will be a public installation of the new officers to which admission will be by invitation only, at Masonic Hall next Monday evening.

St. Andrew's Society.

The annual concert and ball by the St. Andrew's Society was held at Masonic Hall on Thursday evening, when the anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns was also celebrated. There was an interesting program of music, reading and addresses, and later dancing was enjoyed. The committees having the affair in charge were as follows:

Committee of Arrangements—David McIntosh, James G. Kyle, John McLean, John B. Brughart, Alexander Athan and Hugh Miller.

Floor Manager—James G. Kyle.

Assistant Floor Manager—William McCullough.

Ala—Andrew Kenney, E. H. Forrest, John B. Brughart, Daniel Miller, Donald Shepard, John Gillies, John McLean.

Reception Committee—Alex. Anderson, M. D., President; Angus McLeod, James Graham, Duncan McLean, James McLean, John Mason, Peter King, Robert Crane, George Ritchie, George Mackie.

High School Dedication.

The formal dedication of the new Rogers High School building will be held on Wednesday evening next at 8 o'clock in the assembly hall of the new building on Broadway. President William H. P. Faunce of Brown University will be present and make an address and there will also be an address by Mr. Frederic W. Tilton, formerly head master of the school and at present one of the trustees. The exercises will include the singing of the "Dedication Hymn" written by Dr. Brooks for the dedication of the old building, by the pupils. There will be addresses by members of the school committee. The public is invited to attend the exercises and will be given an opportunity to inspect the new building.

The gunboat *Wasp* arrived in Boston on Thursday after a tempestuous trip from Newport. She reached the harbor covered with ice and giving every indication of a trying voyage. Her machinery was disabled for a time but was repaired sufficiently for her to continue on her way, and she reached Boston without serious injury.

General Joseph Wheeler, who died on Thursday, was well known in Newport where he spent several months in 1901. While here he acted as marshal of the Fete Day parade of that year and was the recipient of much attention. During his stay in this city he sat for his portrait to Mr. William H. Leavitt.

Mr. Benjamin B. Waldron died at his residence on Broadway Sunday last, after a short illness. Mr. Waldron was a carpenter by trade and was known throughout the city. Besides his widow, a daughter, Miss Ida C. Waldron, survives him.

Gunboat *Wasp* left Wednesday morning for the Boston navy yard, where she will undergo an overhaul. She was in command of Chief Boatswain Sweeney.

Mr. E. J. Sowle and Mr. Edward Gray of Tiverton Four Corners were in the city on Thursday on business connected with their fishing industry.

Admiral C. M. Thomas of the Naval Training Station is in Washington, attending the sessions of the general naval board.

Mr. George Russell has returned from a visit to his father in the West.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Robinson have returned from a visit to New York.

Mr. James P. Taylor returned from New York the past week.

Mr. Harry A. Titus has returned from a trip to the West.

Rear Admiral French E. Chadwick has returned from Washington.

Miss Martha Burdick is visiting in New York and Brooklyn.

Mr. Benjamin M. Thurston is visiting in New York.

Mr. James Stillman has sailed for Europe.

The Aged Dead.

During the year 1905 there were ninety-one persons who died after having reached the ripe old age of 70 years. This was an unusually large number, for in the previous year there were only 73 persons who died at the age of 70 or over. Of those who died during 1905 there were four who had reached the remarkable age of 95 years, among them being Dr. Edward L. Cunningham, a member of the class of Oliver Wendell Holmes at Harvard and the last survivor of that famous class.

The combined ages of these deceased aggregate 6955 and the average age is about 77 years. The list is as follows:

John S. Bradfield
Lucinda G. Irish
Ann McGowan
Tattersall Duckworth
Mary Walsh
Albert Gardner Groff
Sarah Chancery Woolsey
John Johnson
Timothy C. Sullivan
Jeremiah Sullivan Sr.
Margaret A. Neilson
Haley R. T. S. Henderson
Patrick Devlin
Margaret Louvergan
Wm. Frost Richards
Clara M. Sherman
Ann Harriet Green
Johanna Walsh
Mary O'Connor
Charlotte Pace
Julius Schamner
Denis Mullens
Abbie Ann Allen
Eugene Hartmann
Thomas Sweeney
Mary Shea
Oliver Hazard Perry Rose
Ellen Keith
Henry Augustus Heath
Emery Livermore
Alice Barber Commerford
Mary Elizabeth Dennis
Mary Jane Anthony
William Smith Cranston
Thomas Crosby
Samuel Allen
Andrew Jackson Locks
Sarah Shove
James Brierley
Frederick Augustus Barlow
Eliza Ann Brown
Ann Maria Penobdy
Elsie Barber Flynn
Charlotte Amelia Tripp
Susan Mary Currie
Joshua Sayer
Sarah Hardenberg
Annie Caroline Sayer
Elizabeth Hart Jarvis Colt
Parthena Ricker Jordan
Hannah Mary Wheeler
Edward O'Connor
Grace Ingaburn Burklnshaw
Albert A. Wilbur
Thomas J. Barlow
Elizabeth W. Horton
Sally W. Barker
Amy Ann Douglas
Elizabeth Barker
Bridge E. Hibbert
Catherine Reed Southwick
Charles Carpenter Wheeler
Margaret Curran
Catherine Grady
Timothy O'Leary
Isaac Newton Stoddard
George Major Crabb
Matthew Butler
John H. Oman
Lydia Ann Peckham
Lydia Ann Chase
Mary Atkinson Holloway
Rebecca R. Burdick
Eliza Rebecca Hammett
Clark Henry Burdick
Susan Gould Brown
Anna Hazard
Margaret A. Stoddard
Mary T. G. Stacy
Lydia Williams
John Shea
Thomas Huddy Lawton
Evelina Gibbs Crowell
Johanna Sullivan
George Jameson
John Warken Murphy
Isaac W. Sherman
Edward Linzee Cunningham
Frances Maria Hoyt
Bridget Brennan
Gyles Pearce

In addition to the above the following died out of the city and the remains were brought to Newport for interment:

Edward A. Murray
Bridget M. McGowan
Agnes Ahner
William A. Monroe
Elizabeth Palmer Oxx
Enoch George Young
Nancy Fowler Gardner
Mary A. Leroy King
William Henry Underwood
Susan M. Congesshall
Johanna Hanley
Rachel Hall Barrington
Elizabeth Haire
Ann Miller

At the meeting of the Police Chiefs of New England held in Providence this week James R. Crowley of this city was elected fourth vice president of the organization.

Rev. Dr. Mead and Mrs. Mead held informal receptions to the members of the church and congregation on Tuesday and Thursday of this week.

Mr. Howard Mathers, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Mathers, is at the Broadway city hospital, suffering from a slight attack of scarlet fever.

Mr. William R. Hempstead, employed as clerk in the N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R. freight office, has been off duty the past week by illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry and their daughters, the Misses Matel and Angelica Gerry, will shortly go to Palm Beach, Florida.

The Newport Artillery gave a social Wednesday night.

Recent Deaths.

John H. Greene.

Mr. John H. Greene died at his residence on Bath road on Thursday after a brief illness. He had been engaged in the management of the Arctic Ice Company up to the time of his death, and was able to be out of doors only a few days before.

Mr. Greene was a typical Newporter. He was born in this city on August 19, 1828, the eldest son of the late Judge James A. and Elizabeth Oman Greene, and his entire life had been spent on the island of Rhode Island. Early in life he learned the trade of a carpenter and engaged in business as a builder, following the trade until 1858 when he bought the farm in Middletown now owned by Mr. William H. Mayer. He ran the farm for about five years and then sold the property to August Belmont. He returned to Newport and about 1860 engaged in the ice business. In 1870 he started the Newport Ice Company, and some fifteen years later he formed the Arctic Ice Company and became the superintendent of that concern, a position that he filled acceptably up to the time of his death. He was popular with his men, always treating them with consideration for their welfare. This is evidenced by the fact that one man has been in his employ for 36 years and there are others who have worked for him from 20 to 30 years.

CAP'N ERI

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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[CONTINUED.]

He turned the horse's head at right angles from the way they were going, and they pitched onward for another hundred yards. Then they came out upon the hard, smooth sand, and heard the water lapping on the shore. Captain Perez got out once more and walked along the strand, bending forward as he walked. Soon Miss Patience heard him calling.

"I've found it, I guess," he said, coming back to the vehicle. "Anyhow, it looks like it. Well, I'll be over in a few minutes now. Git dap, yah!"

Horace Greeley shivered as the cold water splashed his legs, but waded bravely in. They moved farther from the shore and the water seemed to grow no deeper.

"Guess this is the crossin' all right," said the captain, who had cherished some secret doubts. "Here's the deep part comin'. We'll be across in a jiffy."

The water mounted to the hubs. Miss Davis' feet grew damp and she drew them up.

"Oh, Perez!" she faltered, "are you sure this is the ford?"

"Don't git scared, Pashy! I guess maybe we've got a little to one side of the track. I'll turn round and try again."

But Horace Greeley was of a different mind. From long experience he knew that the way to cross a ford was to go straight ahead. The bottom of the carryall was awash.

"Port your helium, you lubber!" shouted the driver, pulling with all his might on one rein. "Leave to! Come 'bout! Jibe! Consarn you! Jibe!"

Then Horace Greeley tried to obey orders, but it was too late. He endeavored to touch bottom with his fore legs, but could not; tried to swim with his hind ones, but found that impossible; then swallowed wildly to one side and snapped a shaft and the rotten whitetree short off. The carryall tipped alarmingly and Miss Patience screamed.

"Whoa!" yelled the agitated Perez. "Vast heavin'! Belay!"

The animal, as much frightened by his driver's shouts as by the water, shot ahead and tried to tear himself loose. The other son warped and rotten shaft broke. The carryall was now floating, with the water covering the floor.

"No use; I'll have to cut away the wreck or we'll be on our beam ends," shouted the captain.

He took out his jackknife and, reaching over, severed the traces. Horace Greeley gave another wallow and, finding himself free, disappeared in the darkness amid a lather of foam. The carriage, now well out in the channel, drifted with the current.

"Don't cry, Pashy," said the captain, endeavoring to cheer his sobbing companion.

"If I don't feel like a fool!"

panion. "We ain't shark bait yit. I've shipped aboard of 'most every kind of craft, but blessed if I ever expected to skipper of a carryall!"

But Miss Patience, shut up in the back part of the carriage like a water nymph in her cave, still wept hysterically, so Captain Perez continued his dismal attempt at facetiousness.

"The main thing," he said, "is to keep her on an even keel. If she teeters to one side you teeter to 'other. Drat that fox," he ejaculated. "I thought when Web's place burned we'd had fire enough to last for one spell, but it never rains but it pours."

"Oh, dear," sobbed the lady. "Now everything'll burn up and they'll blame me for it. Well, I'll be drowned anyway, so I shan't be there to hear 'em. Oh, dear, dear!"

"Oh, don't talk that way. We're driftin' somewhere, but we're spinnin' round so I can't tell which way. Judas," he exclaimed, more soberly, "I remember now. It ain't but a little past 7 o'clock and the tide's goin' out."

They floated in silence for a few moments. Then Miss Patience, who had bravely tried to stifle her sobs, said with chattering teeth, "Perez, I'm pretty nigh froze to death."

"Well, now you mention it," said Captain Perez. "It is cold, ain't it? I've a good mind to jump overboard and try to swim ashore and tow the carryall."

"Don't you do it! My land! If I should drown what would become of me?"

It was the tone of this speech, as much as the words, that hit the captain hard. He himself almost sobbed as he said:

"Pashy, I want you to try to git over on this front seat with me. Then I can put my coat round you, and you won't be so cold. Take hold of my hand."

said that sailing alone would be deathly hard when his foreman's hand went back to school again, which he was to do very shortly, for Josiah meant to accept the captain's offer and try for the Amherst appointment when the time came.

The boy came back with the mail and an item of news. The mail, a paper only, he handed to Mrs. Snow, and the news he announced at the supper table as follows:

"Mr. Hazeltine's goin' to leave the cable station," he said.

"Goin' to leave?" repeated the house-keeper. "What for?"

"I don't know, m'man. All I know is what I heard Mr. Wingate say. He said Mr. Hazeltine was goin' to get through over at the station pretty soon. He said one of the operators told him so."

"Well, for the land's sake! Did you know anything 'bout it, Eri?"

"Why, yes, a little. I met Hazeltine yesterday, and he told me that some folks out west had made him a pretty good offer, and he didn't know whether to take it or not. Said the salary was good, and the whole thing looked sort of tempting. He hadn't decided what to do yet. That's all there is to it."

There was little else talked about during the meal. Captain Perez, Captain Jerry and Mrs. Snow argued, surmised and questioned Captain Eri, who said little. Elsie said almost nothing and went to her room shortly after the dishes were washed.

"Humph," exclaimed Captain Perez, when they were alone, "I guess your matchmakin' scheme's up spout, Jerry." And, for a wonder, Captain Jerry did not contradict him.

The weather changed that night and it grew cold rapidly. In the morning the pump was frozen and Captain Jerry and Mrs. Snow spent some time and much energy in thawing it out. It was later than usual when the former set out for the schoolhouse. As he was putting on his cap Elsie suggested that he wait for her, as she had some lessons to prepare and wanted an hour or so to herself at her desk. They walked on together under a cloudy sky.

"I suppose you was glad to hear the news last night?" asked Captain Jerry.

"What news?"

"Why, that 'bout Mr. Hazeltine's goin' away. You're glad he's goin', of course."

Miss Preston did not answer immediately. Instead she turned and looked wonderingly at her companion.

"Why should I be glad, pray?" she asked.

"Why, I don't know. I just took it for granted you would be. You didn't want him to come and see you, and if he was gone he couldn't come, so—"

"Just a minute, please. What makes you think I didn't want Mr. Hazeltine to call?"

And now it was the captain's turn to stare and hesitate.

"What makes me think?" he gasped.

"Why—you told me so yourself."

"Elsie Preston," he ejaculated, "are you losin' your mem'ry or what? Didn't you pitch into me bottom for lettin' him be alone with you? Didn't you give me dark from the tomb for gettin' up and goin' away? Didn't you say his eulals was perfect torture to you, and that you had to be decent to him and fell red rose and fell again."

"Will you marry me?" he gasped.

"Yes," answered Miss Patience, and they went under together.

The captain staggered to his feet and dragged his chosen bride to hers. The ice cold water reached their shoulders. And, like a flash, as they stood there came a torrent of rain and a wind that drove the fog before it like smoke. Captain Perez saw the shore, with its silhouetted bushes, only a few yards away. Beyond that, in the blackness, was a light, a flickering blaze, that rose and fell red rose and fell again.

With his arm about her waist Perez guided his dripping companion, as fast as they could run, toward the light. And as they came nearer to it they saw that it flickered about the blackened ruins of a henhouse and a lath fence.

It was Mrs. Mayo's henhouse and Mrs. Mayo's fence. Their adventurous journey had ended where it began.

"Well, by mighty!" exclaimed Captain Perez for at least the tenth time, as he sat in the kitchen wrapped in an old ulster of Mr. Mayo's and toasting his feet in the oven, "if I don't feel like a fool! All that scare and wet for nothing!"

"Oh, not for nothing," Perez, said Miss Patience, looking tenderly down into his face.

"Well, no, not for nothing by a good deal! I've got you by it, and that's everything. But, say, Pashy," and the captain looked awed by the coincidence, "I went through fire and water to git you!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

CAPTAIN PEREZ made a clean breast of it to Captain Eri when he reached home that night. It was after 12 o'clock, but he routed his friend out of bed to tell him the news and the story. Captain Eri was not as surprised to hear of the engagement as he pretended to be, for he had long ago made up his mind that Perez meant business this time. But the tale of the fire and the voyage in the carryall tickled him immensely, and he rolled back and forth in the rocker and laughed until his sides ached.

The next evening, when the three captain were together in Jerry's room after supper, Perez said:

"Eri, it seems to me we've got to do somethin' 'bout Mrs. Snow. She was hired to be housekeeper while John was sick. Now he's dead, and she'll think it's queer if we don't settle that marryin' bus'ness. Ain't that so?"

"Yes," answered Captain Eri laconically.

"I wish you'd mind your own consarns and give me time," protested Captain Jerry.

"Time! How much time do you want? Land o' Goshen! I should think you'd find time enough."

They floated in silence for a few moments. Then Miss Patience, who had bravely tried to stifle her sobs, said with chattering teeth, "Perez, I'm remarkably well. He had become a real hero to Captain Eri, and the letter

had. The slaming of the door had attracted the captain's attention, and in response to the bell, Mr. Hazeltine crossed the room.

And then Captain Jerry felt his arm clasped with a grip that meant business, as Miss Preston whispered, "Don't you dare say one word to him about it. Don't you dare!"

If Ralph had been surprised by the request to join the couple, he was more surprised by the reception he received. Elsie's face was crimson, and as for the captain, he looked like a man who had suddenly been left standing alone in the middle of a pond covered with very thin ice.

"Did you want to speak with me, captain?" asked Ralph.

"Why—why, I did," stammered poor Captain Jerry, "but—but I don't know what I do now." Then he realized that this was not exactly complimentary, and added, "That is, I don't know—I don't know—I—I—Erie, what was it I was goin' to say to Mr. Hazeltine?"

"I'm sure I don't know," she said coldly.

"Well, went on the captain, intent on making the explanation as plausible as possible, "we've missed you considerble. We was sayin' we hoped you wouldn't give us up altogether. Abt that so, Elsie?"

Miss Preston's foot tapped the sidewalk several times, but she answered, though not effusively:

"Mr. Hazeltine is always welcome, of course." Then she added, turning away: "Really, Captain Jerry, I must hurry to school. I have a great deal of work to do before 9 o'clock. Good morning, Mr. Hazeltine!"

The captain paused long enough to say, "We'll expect you now, so come," and then hurried after her. He was feeling very well satisfied with himself.

That afternoon when Captain Eri returned from the fishing grounds he found Captain Jerry waiting for him at the shore. The humiliated matchmaker sent Josiah up to the grocery store on an errand and then told his friend of the morning meeting.

When he had finished Captain Eri said:

"Oh, Jerry, Jerry! Your heart's big as a bucket, but fishin' more in your line than gettin' folks married to order is, I'm 'traid. You stay here and unload them fish in the dory. There ain't many of 'em, and Josiah'll help when he gets back. I'm goin' out for a few minutes."

He went down to the beach, climbed into a dory belonging to a neighbor, and Captain Jerry saw him row away in the direction of the cable station.

That evening, after the dishes were washed and the table cleared, there came a knock at the door. Mrs. Snow opened it.

"Why, for goodness sake! Mr. Hazeltine!" she exclaimed. "Come right in. What a stranger you are!"

Ralph entered, shook the snow, which had just begun to fall, from his hat



"This is my doin', not Jerry's."

and coat, took off these articles in response to the hearty invitation of Captain Eri and shook hands with all present. Elsie's face was an interesting study. Captain Jerry looked

scared.

After a few minutes' talk Captain Eri rose.

"Mrs. Snow," he said, "come upstairs a little while. I want to talk to you 'bout somethin'. You come, too, Jerry."

Captain Jerry looked from Elsie to the speaker, and then to Elsie again. But Captain Eri's hand was on his arm, and he rose and went.

Elsie watched this wholesale desperation with amazement. Then the door opened again, and Captain Eri put in his head.

"Erie," he said, "I just want to tell you that this is my doin's, not Jerry's. That's all." And the door shut.

Elsie faced the caller with astonishment written on her face.

"Mr. Hazeltine," she said icily, "you may know what this means, but I don't."

Ralph looked at her and answered solemnly, but with a twinkle in his eye.

"I'm afraid I can guess, Miss Preston. You see Captain Jerry paid Captain Eri a call this afternoon, and as a result Captain Eri called upon me. Then as a result of that I—well, I came here."

The young lady blushed furiously.

"What did Captain Eri tell you?" she demanded.

"Just what Captain Jerry told him."

"And that was?"

"What you told Captain Jerry this morning concerning something that you told him before, I believe."

There was no answer to this. Miss Preston looked as if she had a mind to run out of the room, then as if she might cry, and finally as if she wanted to laugh.

A little later Captain Eri knocked at the door.

"Is it safe for a feller to come in?" he asked.

"Well," said Elsie severely, "I don't know whether talebearers should be admitted or not, but if they do come they must beg pardon for interfering in other people's affairs."

"Na'am," and the captain made a profound bow. "I hope you'll be so kind and condescendin', and stoop so low, and be so bendin' as to forgive me. And, while I'm 'bout it, I'll apologize for Jerry, too."

CHAPTER XIX.

"It had begun to snow early in

the evening—a light fall at first, but growing heavier every minute—and as the flakes fell thicker and faster the wind began to blow, and its force increased steadily. Ralph, hearing the gusts as they swooped about the corners of the house and the "swish" of the snow as it was thrown against the window panes, several times rose to go out, but Captain Eri in each instance urged him to stay a little longer. Finally the electrician

rebelled.

"I should like to stay, captain," he said, "but how do you think I am going to get over to the station if this storm grows worse, as it seems to be doing?"

"I don't think," was the calm reply.

"You're goin' to stay here."

"Well, I guess not."

"I guess yes. S'pose we're goin' to

DON'T BE FOOLED INTO DOING SOMETHING ELSE.

"After what I have taken and done, I can wonder I am glad of an opportunity to recommend what cured me to my friends."

"I suffered intense agony from gravel for nearly fifteen years."

"For five and six weeks at a time I could not work, the pain was so great. My kidneys and bladder were in horrible shape. My back ached so I could not sleep. I had no appetite at all."

"I tried about every doctor in Syracuse but they failed to help me."

"I used nearly all the advertised medicines without any benefit."

"This was my discouraging condition when I began the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I used only four bottles and I consider myself cured. I have no backache at all, no pain in passing urine, my appetite is splendid. It helped me from the start and I gained twenty pounds in weight."

FRED HOFFMAN,

1811 Lodi St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is a vegetable help to the stomach and bowels. It overcomes and permanently cures dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness and rheumatism. It is absolutely harmless and purely vegetable. It contains no narcotics or minerals in any form, no dangerous stimulants, no mercury or poisons, and is the only kidney medicine that does not constipate.

Druggists sell it in New \$5 Can and the regular \$1.00 size bottle.

Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail.

Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Binghamton, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Best Elixir, Cream Cough and Skin and Scratches Disease.

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woolens,

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street,
NEWPORT, R. I.

Price of Coke

From June 15, 1903.

Prepared, delivered,

36 bushels, \$4.50

18 bushels, \$2.25

Common, delivered.

36 bushels, \$3.50

18 bushels, \$1.75

Price at works.

Prepared, 11c. a bushel, \$10 for 100 bushel.

Common, 9c. a bushel, \$8 for 100 bushel

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BRANCH OFFICES, 222 Thames Street and

New York Freight Depot.

Telephone 6712.

"Things have come to a pretty pass," stormed the legislator whose request for free transportation had been refused.

"No, there is no pretty pass this year," responded the railroad official, who, while a person of humor, was well a stickler for accuracy.—Phile.

"De brewery workers in Cincinnati is kickin' for shorter hours. Dey gets free beer, too."

"Gee, if I was workin' in a brewery wit' free beer I'd be tryin' for longer hours wit' de privilege of sleepin' on de premises!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

CAPT'N ERI.

CUTTING FROM SECOND PAGE.

Marion, and they give it up.

At length the captain turned, grinned pleasantly while the rambunctious splashed at his nose and waved one arm. Ralph looked and saw ahead of the clustered buildings of the life saving station. And he was glad to see them.

"Whew!" puffed Captain Eri as they opened the door. "Nice mornin' for ducks. Hey, Luther!" he shouted. "Wake up here! You've got callers."

They heard footsteps in the next room, the door opened and in came not Luther Davis, but Captain Perez.

"Why, Eri!" he exclaimed amazedly. "For the land's sake, Perez! What are you doin' here?"

"What are you doin' here, I should say. How'd you do, Mr. Hazeltine?"

Captain Eri pushed back his sou'wester and strolled over to the stove. Ralph followed suit.

"Well, Perez," said the former, extending his hands over the fire, "it's easy enough to tell you why we're here. We heard there was a wreck."

"There is. She's a schooner, and she's off there on the Hog's Back. Luther and the crew put off to her more'n two hours ago, and I'm gittin' worried."

Then Perez went out to explain that, because of the storm, he had been persuaded to stay at Mrs. Mayo's all night; that Captain Davis had been over for a moment that evening on an errand and had said that the schooner had been sighted and that, as the northerner was coming on, she was almost certain to get into trouble; that he (Perez) had rowed over the first thing in the morning to get the news and had been just in time to see the launching of the lifeboat as the crew put off to the schooner.

"There ain't nothin' to worry 'bout," observed Captain Eri. "It's no slouch of a pull off to the Hog's Back this weather, and, besides, I'd trust Late Davis anywhere on salt water."

"Yes, I know," replied the unconvinced Captain Perez, "but he ought to have been back afore this. There was a kind of letup in the storm just afore I got here, and they see her fast on the shoal with the crew in the riggin'. Luther took the small boat 'cause he thought he could handle her better, and that's what's worryin' me; I'm afraid she's overloaded. I was jest thinkin' of goin' out on the p'nt to see if I could see anything of 'em when you folks come."

"Well, go ahead. We'll go with you, if Mr. Hazeltine's got any of the chills out of him."

Malph was feeling warm by this time, and after Perez had put on his coat that they went out once more into the gale. The point of which Perez had spoken was a wedge shaped sand ridge that, thrown up by the waves and tide, thrust itself out from the beach some few hundred yards below the station. They reached its tip and stood there in the very midst of the storm, waiting for the lulls, now more frequent, and scanning the tumbling water for the returning lifeboat.

"Schooner's layin' right over there," shouted Captain Perez in Ralph's ear, pointing off into the mist. "Bout a mile off shore. I callate. Wicked place, the Hog's Back is, too."

"Wind's lettin' up a little mite," followed Captain Eri. "We've had the wust of it, I guess. There ain't so much."

He did not finish the sentence. The curtain of sleet parted, leaving a quarter mile long line through which they could see the frothing ridges racing one after the other endlessly. And across this line, silent and swift, like a moving picture on a screen, drifted a white turtleback with black dots clinging to it. It was in sight not more than a half minute; then the line closed again as the rain lashed their faces."

Captain Perez gasped and clutched the electrician by the arm.

"What was it?" shouted Ralph. "What was it, Captain Eri?"

But Captain Eri did not answer. He had turned and was running at full speed back to the beach. When they came up they found him straining at the side of the dory that Luther Davis used in tending his lobster pots. The boat, turned bottom up, lay high above tide mark in the little cove behind the point.

"Quick, now," shouted the captain in a tone Ralph had never heard him use before. "Over with her! Lively!" They obeyed him without question.

As the dory settled right side up, two heavy oars, that had been secured by being thrust under the seats, fell back with a clatter.

"What was it, captain?" shouted Ralph.

"The lifeboat upset. How many did you make out hangin' on to her, Perez?" Five, seemed to me."

"Four, I thought. Eri, you ain't goin' to try to reach her with this dory? You couldn't do it. You'll only be drowned yourself. My Lord," he moaned, wringing his hands, "what'll Pashy do?"

"Catch a-holt now," commanded Captain Eri. "Down to the shore with her! Now!"

They dragged the dory to the water's edge with one rush. Then Eri hurriedly thrust in the thole pins. Perez protested again.

"Eri," he said, "it ain't no use. She won't live to git through the breakers."

His friend answered without looking up. "Do y' s'pose," he said, "that I'm goin' to let Late Davis and them other fellers drown without makin' a try for 'em? Push off when I tell you to."

"Then you let me go instead of you."

"Don't talk foolish. You've got Pashy to look after. Ready now!"

But Ralph Hazeltine intervened. "I'm going myself," he said firmly, putting one foot over the gunwale. "I'm a younger man than either of you, and I'm used to a boat. I mean it. I'm going."

Captain Eri looked at the electrician's face. He saw nothing but determination there.

"We'll all go," he said suddenly. "Mr. Hazeltine, run as fast as the Lord'll let you back to the station and get another set of oars. Harry!"

Without answering, the young man sprang up the bank and ran toward

the buildings. And another was up who was inside. Captain Eri leaped into the dory.

"Push off, Perez!" he commanded.

"That young feller's got a life to live."

"You don't go without me," asserted Perez stoutly.

"All right! Push off, and then jump in."

Captain Perez attempted to obey. He waded into the water and gave the dory a push, but just as he was about to scramble in he received a shove that sent him backward.

"Your job's takin' care of Pashy," roared Captain Eri.

Perez scrambled to his feet, but the dory was already halfway across the little patch of comparatively smooth water in the cove. As he looked he saw it enter the first line of breakers, rise amid a shower of foam, pause on the crest, and slip over. The second line of roaring waves came surging on, higher and more threatening than the first. Captain Eri glanced over his shoulder, turned the dory's bow toward them and waited. They broke, and as they did so the boat shot forward into the whirlpool of froth. Then the sheet came pouring down and shut every thing from sight.

When Ralph came burrying to the beach bearing the oars he found Captain Perez alone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FARM WEALTH.

Farmers as Bankers, Depositors in Banks and Landowners.

According to Secretary Wilson in his summing up of agricultural matters for 1903, one of the most notable outgrowth of savings by farmers is the great multiplication of small national banks in recent years. As many as

1,704 banks, each with a capital of less than \$50,000, were organized from March, 1900, to October, 1903. These were distributed mostly throughout the south and the north central states in rural regions. In the south 633 of these banks were organized and in the north central states 702. The capital of these banks has come from the farmers. The increase of bank deposits in agricultural states is most extraordinary. The increase during the year which ended June 30 in Iowa and South Dakota was 14.9 per cent, in Nebraska 13.5 per cent, in Kansas 9.7 per cent and in North Dakota 25 per cent. During the same time bank deposits in Massachusetts increased 9.1 per cent. But still more remarkable is the bank statement for the south central states. Throughout the whole area of that division the increase was 22.8 per cent, while the general average increase for the United States was but 13.5 per cent. For the first time in the financial history of the south deposits in the banks of that region now exceed \$1,000,000,000.

Valuation of Farms.

During the past five years the value of medium farms in this country has increased 33.5 per cent as compared with an increase of 25 per cent for the ten years preceding.

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Established by Franklin in 1784.

The Mercury.

Keeps it.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 333. House Telephone 100.

Saturday, January 27, 1906.

We have not had much winter yet, but there is still time before summer comes around again. It is to be hoped that we shall not have our cold weather to July and August.

Marshall Field was not the richest man in the United States. He was merely the heaviest taxpayer!—Chicago Tribune.

There is food for thought in the above remark.

The wreck of the Valencia on the North Pacific coast is one of the great disasters of the year. The loss of nearly 180 lives in a steamer wreck makes the whole country shudder, even though the disaster occurred many miles away.

The Monroe doctrine has always attracted attention in Europe, and now France desires to emulate the United States by promulgating a similar doctrine in regard to Northern Africa. Whether the powers will concede her right is an open question.

The recent automobile shows in New York indicate that more persons than ever will be motoring during the coming summer. The growth of the automobile business, in the few years since the machine was perfected, has been wonderful.

The MERCURY will shortly begin the publication of the copyrighted novel, "Heaper," by Henry Harland. This is one of the most fascinating stories of the West ever written. Mr. Harland is thoroughly familiar with the life that he portrays and he has evolved a tale that holds the reader's interest from the beginning to the end. Although the story is full of adventure and abounds in startling situations there is nothing improbable nor overdrawn. "Heaper" has been one of the few novels of the last few years that have been worth reading. It will appear in the MERCURY exclusively, the first installment being printed in a few weeks. Be sure to get the opening numbers.

France has elected a new President and there has been no revolution. In fact, the act caused scarcely a ripple upon the surface of public tranquillity. The new chief executive of the republic is M. Fallières, lately the president of the Senate, who was chosen on a single ballot, receiving 419 votes out of the 848 cast. The nearest competitor of M. Fallières was M. Doumer, the president of the Chamber of Deputies, who received 371 votes. The new President of the Republic is in his 65th year, and has served as Minister of Public Instruction, Minister of the Interior and Minister of Justice, as well as as interim Minister of Foreign Affairs and President of the Council. The proceedings attending the election were characterized by the greatest quiet, and no demonstrations have followed the announcement of the result. A few years ago such an event would have brought about a revolution.

The death of "Fighting Joe" Wheeler removes one of the picturesque figures in the history of the United States. During the Civil War he was one of the ablest leaders of the Confederacy, fighting under the Stars and Bars because he believed the cause to be right. After the end came he held no rank and when the re-united country called for volunteers to combat a foreign foe General Wheeler donned the blue and held a high command under the Stars and Stripes. Such a man as he is the one whom the country needs.

Ready to endure peril, privation and even death in the cause that he believed right, equally ready to serve the nation when a better feeling had come, his staunch frame and active brain saw active service in two great crises in the history of the world. Quiet in demeanor, small in stature, but every inch a man—"Joe" Wheeler will live in the hearts of his countrymen long after his mortal remains are crumpled into dust.

The passage of the so-called Philippine tariff bill last week was one of the most important measures that have thus far been acted upon. This bill admits all articles wholly the growth or product of the Philippines, except rice, sugar and tobacco, into the United States free of duty, and provides for free trade between the United States and the Philippines after April 1, 1906, the date of the expiration of the clause in the Paris treaty of peace which gives Spain the same treatment with regard to Philippine trade that the United States enjoys. The bill was passed substantially in the form in which it was reported by the House Committee, but a few amendments were accepted by the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. One of these puts rice in the same class with sugar and tobacco, making it pay 25 per cent of the Dingley rates on importation into the United States. One interesting incident of the debate over the bill was the defeat of an amendment declaring it to be the policy of Congress not to retain sovereignty over the Philippines.

Will Wonders Never Cease?

The most remarkable utterance, all things considered, that has been made since the opening of the present century was that delivered by Prof. Bell, the inventor of the telephone, at a dinner given Saturday night. The statement was as follows:

"The age of the flying machine is not in the future; it is here."

Prof. Bell went on to declare that a practical flying machine has been developed by the Wright brothers, in Dayton, Ohio. The French government has bought their machine and Prof. Bell declares that the fact that France has purchased a flying machine that can be used in war will com-

pel other nations to follow her example, and that this will lead to a sudden and universal development of airships.

If Prof. Bell is correct in this prediction, then the flying machine will before long be as much of a plaything as the automobile has become, and from that stage there will be a steady development toward a commercial use of airships. It does not take a far stretch of the imagination to conceive of a time when the shares of air ship companies will be traded in upon the Stock Exchange.

Col. Norton Re-appointed.

The General Assembly has not as yet transacted much business. This week a few appointments have been made by the Governor and confirmed by the Senate. On Friday the Governor sent to the Senate the appointment of Col. J. W. Horton as member of the Newport Police Commission and this will undoubtedly be confirmed by the Senate next week. Mr. J. J. Watson, Jr., of Jamestown has been appointed a member of the State Board of Charities and Corrections. Dr. Edward P. Stinson has been re-appointed Medical Examiner for the towns of Tiverton and Little Compton. The annual report of the Newport Police Commission has been presented.

A bill has been introduced in the House of Representatives by S. C. Bell of New Shoreham, providing for the use of the Australian ballot in that town. A bill to abolish the State Returning Board has been introduced in the Senate by Senator McKenna.

Business is Good.

In the business world conditions in their entirety continue satisfactory. The open winter is undoubtedly making for an accumulation of stocks in a few lines. There is no evidence that winter wheat has suffered damage. The absence of snow is not necessarily injurious excepting where the temperature rules very low. In iron and steel, mills are rushed on orders already booked. Continued strength is noted in the textile market. Some large sales are reported for future delivery, though for the most part buyers are confining themselves to nearby shipments. All of the reports are of depleted stocks. More activity is reported in the wool trade. The buying is more general. Manufacturers are showing more interest in the market.

The Secretary of the Treasury has this week established five special agency districts in Europe. It will be the duty of the agents, among other things, to see that imports of merchandise into the United States are not undervalued. The agents will also advise the officials here of purchases abroad where there is evidence that an attempt is being made to escape the payment of customs duties upon their arrival in this country. Under the distribution made by Secretary Shaw, the first district will consist of Great Britain, with headquarters in London. The second will comprise France, Spain and Italy, with headquarters at Paris. The third district will consist of Switzerland, with headquarters at the great lace manufacturing center, St. Gall. The fourth district will be included Holland, Belgium and that part of Germany west of an imaginary line drawn from Bremen south to the northern boundary of Switzerland, and the headquarters will be at Cologne. The fifth district will comprise the part of Germany east of the line mentioned above, and its headquarters will be at Berlin.

Shareholders of the Middlesex Banking Co., of Middletown, Conn., have applied to the Supreme Court of Middlesex County, Conn., for a receiver for the banking institution and a dissolution of the corporation. Gross mismanagement of the company's affairs and various acts of dereliction by the officers by which large sums have been lost are charged.

The Demand for Typists.

It has since been said that one of the infallible signs of business conditions is the demand for stenographic help. Measured by this standard the times are certainly good. The Remington Typewriter Company has just published the following figures of stenographic positions filled by their free Employment Departments in seventeen of the leading American cities during the year 1905:

Positions Filled	Aggregate Earnings per annum
New York, 9,689	\$7,587,984
Chicago, 5,900	3,788,514
St. Louis, 2,378	1,410,540
Boston, 1,911	1,050,790
Philadelphia, 1,860	986,993
San Francisco, 1,734	1,158,140
Pittsburg, 1,450	882,276
Kansas City, 1,390	772,960
Cincinnati, 921	430,470
Cleveland, 789	407,076
Dallas, 750	548,846
Baltimore, 688	297,648
Buffalo, 621	820,892
Seattle, 594	384,168
Los Angeles, 565	351,002
Indianapolis, 565	272,888
St. Paul, 569	348,426

These figures are record breaking. In New York the gain is 1,500 positions over the highest total of any previous year; in Chicago, 600; in San Francisco, 600; in Cincinnati, 400, and so on through the list. In some of the smaller cities the totals are double those of any former year. The wage rate also, as is natural under these conditions, shows an upward tendency.

The prevalent tone of business optimism will certainly be strengthened by the testimony of these figures which the Remington Company has just made public concerning the demand for stenographic help.

To CURE A COLE IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Calamine Talcum. Drawings and money if fails to cure. R. W. GROUVE'S signature is on each box. Re-

Washington Matters.

Secretary Root Tries to Organize Consular System—Colonizing Crop Statistics

—The Pending Bogue Hearing—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 25, 1906. Secretary Root, while appearing before the Appropriations Committee of the House this week, took occasion to say a few timely words on the consular system. He pointed out facts that ought to be perfectly well known to Congress at large, but which, considering the way that the consular bill has been emanuated in the Senate, would seem either to be unpleasant truths to which Congress would rather shut its eyes or else facts in which they do not believe.

Here are some of the things that Secretary Root said:

"The American consulates in many places are in bad shape. Congress knows the conditions and the reasons as well as any one. The consular service has been from long custom made the stronghold of the spoils system and has been used as a birthplace to which to move any especially respectable citizen who had outlived his usefulness elsewhere and who needed to be taken care of. The object of the consular service and consular salaries seems to have been to pay political debts and not to put live Americans abroad to foster American trade. Important clerkships in foreign consulates have too often been held by natives of the countries to which the consuls were accredited and not by Americans, this to the detriment of American trade. The provisions of the consular reform bill for the examination of young men and promotions based on seniority and ability have been stricken out by the Senate, and while some provisions of importance have been left in, a question whether even the amended bill will pass."

This is a pretty severe arraignment of Congress, coming as it does from the Secretary of State who is admittedly a good business man and a good lawyer and one who knows conditions both at home and abroad. The worst of it is that it is all true. The Senate regards the consular service as too good a repository of debt paying patronage to want to see it reformed. And that is the secret of the amendments to the consular bill just when the whole country is clamoring for reform in the service and when the State Department is doing its best to furnish the reform.

Secretary Root did not lose the opportunity to unburden himself of a few thoughts in regard to China too. He said that it was arrant nonsense to send a commission to China to study the existing conditions. Said he: "If you gentlemen want to come up to the State Department we can bury you so deep in Chinese reports that you won't dig out for a week. They are reports too made by the consuls in China and by men who have had almost lifelong acquaintance with China and the Chinese language and customs. What we want is not more information but more action. The Chinese exclusion law is wrong in principle and has been harshly and unjustly administered. The President has attended to the administration end of it and there will henceforth be much less to complain of in that line. But the law itself is wrong. We do not want to let China coalesce into this country, but we want a law that will keep them out and will not at the same time work as an insult to the respectable Chinese merchants, business men and students who come over here. That is a matter that Congress will have to deal with. We want the law justly and humanely administered; but we want a new law at the same time."

The Keep Commission report on the methods of the Agricultural Department in collecting crop statistics has been submitted to the President, and now all that is needed is Congressional action to clinch the good work that has already been begun. The report is the result of months of patient study. It shows where the methods of the Department are at fault and points out some of the remedies. It also recommends the transfer of acreage reports to the Census Bureau. This last is a matter that will have to be dealt with by Congress since the making of the reports by the Agricultural Department is fixed by law. The Secretary of Agriculture says that some of the changes and improvements in method that have been suggested by the commission have already been put in force. The Secretary's contention is that the work of the Department since the reorganization of the Bureau of Statistics has been accurate and satisfactory. He says he is willing to make improvements if they are pointed out to him, but leaves the inference that he has not found any such suggestions in the commission's report.

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There has been a small row that may develop into a sensational case in the hearing of Mr. Poulton Bigelow before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce.

Mr. Bigelow has refused to answer some of the questions put to him on the ground that they would involve the means of persons who had talked to him in confidence about fisherman affairs.

The committee has already decided that Mr. Bigelow is in contempt and there is a possibility that he may be put in jail to reconsider the matter.

Possibly the Senate may go to this length, for it is jealous of its dignity. But if it does, there is a serious question whether it will get more out of Mr. Bigelow than it could out of a great many other witnesses and the contempt proceedings if they are instituted will be one of the best advertisements for Mr. Bigelow's books and magazine stories that could possibly be advised.

Weather Bulletin.

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WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 27, 1906.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross the continent Jan. 24 to 25, warm wave 23 to 27, cool wave 26 to 30. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Jan. 29, cross west of Rockies by close of 30, great central valleys 31 to Feb. 2, eastern states 3. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about Jan. 29, great central valleys 31, eastern states Feb. 2. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about Feb. 1, great central valleys 3, eastern states 5.

Temperatures of this storm wave will average lower than usual and the first week in February will average colder than usual. Some severely cold weather will come in the first and last weeks of Feb. and March will come in cold.

Shows will be quite general north and rains south during first and last weeks in February but precipitation will be deficient for the month, a drought.

A storm wave is the same as a disturbance and consists of six weather features: warm wave, change of wind, cool wave, clouding, threatening, clearing.

The middle weeks of Feb. will be warmer than first and last weeks.

In southern states the soil will be in good

Home Made

Have your cake, muffins, and tea biscuit home-made. They will be fresher, cleaner, more tasty and wholesome.

Royal Baking Powder helps the housewife to produce at home, quickly and economically, fine and tasty cake, the raised hot-biscuit, puddings, the frosted layer-cake, crisp cookies, crullers, crusts and muffins, with which the ready-made food found at the bake-shop or grocery does not compare.

Royal is the greatest of bake-day helps.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

condition for the early planting of February but if the frost continues into March the early crops will suffer.

Some very bad weather for live stock may be expected in Feb., and much care will be necessary where the live stock is not well sheltered.

Second Baptist Church of Newport, R. I., Rev. J. Chester Hyde, pastor.

Morning Worship at 10:45, subject:

"The Second Coming of Christ."

Bible School at 12:15 p. m., lesson:

"The Baptism of Jesus."

Afternoon Worship at 3 p. m., subject:

"Heaven and Eternal Life."

This church unites with the two Methodist, Chipping and United Congregational Churches in Opera House Meeting at 7:30 p. m.

Bacon—They say a person will die for want of sleep in ten days.

Egbert—It's miraculous what keeps that baby of mine alive.—Yonkers Statesman.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILLS

Itching, Blisters, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Drugs are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 8 to 14 days. See.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

JANUARY 1906. STANDARD TIME.

SUN. MON. TUE. WED. THU. FRI. SAT.

27 Sat. 28 Sun. 29 Mon. 30 Tue. 31 Wed. 1 Thu. 2 Fri. 3 Sat.

4 Sun. 5 Mon. 6 Tue. 7 Wed. 8 Thu. 9 Fri. 10 Sat.

11 Sun. 12 Mon. 13 Tue. 14 Wed. 15 Thu. 16 Fri. 17 Sat.

18 Sun. 19 Mon. 20 Tue. 21 Wed. 22 Thu. 23 Fri. 24 Sat.

SHOW SUSPENDED DEUEL IS SCORED

An Active Patrol Aboard the
Steamer Valencia

DEAD NUMBER ABOUT 121

Not a Woman or Child Among
the Thirty-Three Survivors of
Wreck Off Vancouver Island—
No More Likely to Be Saved

Victoria, B. C., Jan. 26.—With only
33 of the 184 persons on board known
to be safe, the wrecked steamer Valen-
cia now lies submerged and broken
on the Vancouver coast five miles from
Cape Beale. Only a portion of a mast
stands above the water, and the fleet
of steamers and tugs have turned their
attention to patrolling the coast in the
hope of finding boats, rafts or wreckage
still afloat with survivors. But the
belief grows stronger each hour that
121 persons, including most of the pas-
sengers, are lost.

Ashore several rescue parties are toll-
ing over difficult trails, some carrying
succor to those who were washed
ashore in a pitiful plight, and others
scouring the rugged rocks of the sea-
shore, seeking such survivors as may
have reached land. Still others are eng-
aged in the melancholy work of recover-
ing bodies.

Of the 33 persons definitely account-
ed for, and there do not include three
men, believed to be survivors seen on
shore by the whaling vessel Orion, six
have been taken on the Salvor, bruised,
half-naked and exhausted. Nine others
in a similar plight are still camped on
Darling creek in a telegraph hut, while
the remaining 18 were picked up by
the City of Topeka from a raft.

Not a woman or child is among the
survivors, saying that the women
refused to leave the wreck even
when told the ship was going to pieces.

Doctors on the rescuing tugs say the
limit of human endurance has been
passed before this time and that all persons
on life rafts are likely dead. The
fleet of steamers engaged in patrolling
were seen in the vicinity of Darling
river. Steamer Salvor, which left Bam-
field creek yesterday after sending
part of her crew over the land trails
to seek survivors, and the whaling
steamer Orion, a vessel better equipped
than any in these waters to throw
lines to a wreck; steamer Queen,
which stopped at the wreck on the way
to San Francisco; tug Lorne, sent from
Victoria with a party of bluejackets
and a lifeboat on board, were all there,
and as far as could be learned from
correspondents at various points, none
had found any other survivors than the
33.

Steamer Sunk in Collision

Boston, Jan. 24.—News of the loss
of the freight steamer Trojan of the
Boston and Philadelphia Steamship
company's line, in collision with the
Ocean liner steamer Nacoochee. In a
dense fog at the entrance to Vineyard
sound was brought here by the Nacoo-
chee, which arrived 30 hours late, and
having on board the Trojan's crew.

The accident happened at about 11
o'clock Sunday forenoon, while both
vessels were feeling their way about
Vineyard sound lightship endeavoring
to locate that vessel by her whistle and
from that signal to lay their course
through the dangerous waters of the
sound.

Four Fishermen Missing

Boston, Jan. 24.—With her flag at
half mast, fishing schooner Ellen C.
Burke arrived in port last evening and
her captain announced the probable
loss of four members of the crew. The
men believed to have been lost were
out in their dories off Georges banks
last Sunday. Two of the missing men
were brothers, Harry and Fred Bryant
of Gloucester. The other two men
were Portuguese and their names
were not known to the captain of the
schooner.

Boston Shows Great Growth

Boston, Jan. 25.—The population of
Boston for 1905 was 586,380, an in-
crease over the figures for 1895 of about
100,000, according to the latest census
bulletin issued by Charles F. Fidgin of
the state bureau of statistics. In 1905
the population of Massachusetts was
3,006,680, as against 2,600,183 in 1895.
The total excess of females in the state
is 80,502, of which number 50,938 were
born here and 29,564 born in foreign
lands.

Roosevelt Against Third Term

Washington, Jan. 25.—The closest
friends of President Roosevelt know
that he will not be a candidate for a
third term. Not only will he not again
be a candidate for the presidential
nomination, but he will not accept the
nomination if it is offered to him. After
his declaration on the night of his election
the president feels that no authoritative
announcement of his position
is necessary.

Held For Shooting Sweetheart

Littleton, N. H., Jan. 25.—Benjamin
Dodge, 17 years old, was held in \$3000
for the grand jury on the charge of at-
tempting to kill his sweetheart, Myrtle
Silver. Miss Silver, who received a bullet
in the knee, is reported as comfort-
able.

Auto Racing Record Lowered

Ormond, Fla., Jan. 24.—The world's
record for the mile was lowered in the
fourth annual Ormond-Denton auto-
mobile tournament by the cigar-shaped
steamer driven by Fred Marlott, which
made the mile in 22.5 seconds.

Bigelow Quits Lecturer's Job

Boston, Jan. 25.—Poulney Bigelow
has resigned his position as special
lecturer on international law at Bos-
ton university. This action was taken
suddenly, his letter of resignation
reaching the university authorities
yesterday. The letter of resignation
does not specify the reasons for Big-
elow's action. It is understood that the
resignation will be accepted.

DEUEL IS SCORED

Haggard's Counsel Says That
He Is a "Corrupt Judge"

TOWN TOPICS BUSINESS

Suppressed Scandal Upon Pay-
ment by Those Too Cowardly
to Refuse—Mann Found N.
Difficulty in Gathering Money

New York, Jan. 26.—The last stage
of the trial of Norman Haggard, editor
of Collier's Weekly, charged with crimi-
nal libel in the publication of a para-
graph commenting upon City Magis-
trate Deuel's connection with Town
Topics, was reached yesterday, when
the taking of testimony was ended, and
Edward M. Shepard, of counsel for the
accused editor, made the opening argu-
ment for the defense.

Mr. Shepard referred to Deuel's pos-
ition on Town Topics as a quasi-edi-
torial writer. "While he was sitting on
the bench," said Shepard, "he was
carrying on a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
business in the offices of Town Topics
and the Ess Ess company. We say that
the business of Town Topics was to
print scandal or to suppress it for pay-
ment for those who were too cowardly
to refuse. In taking this money we say
Deuel was a corrupt judge. He was a
judge beyond doubt and he was
corrupt beyond doubt. He was a cor-
rupt judge."

The stock of the Town Topics com-
pany, on which Mann tried to make
loans, Shepard said, was held by him
in trust for his daughter. Deuel, he
said, was joined in this trust deed.

"The polished gentleman who comes
to see us for Town Topics does not
come after the fashion of a bandit de-
manding your money or your life, but
in the most kindly and suave way he
tells you that the boys of the office
want to print a story, but that they
can be bought off," said Shepard.

"Colonel Mann got money from a
trust company of which Thomas F.
Ityan is the vice-president without
putting up collateral or a note with the
names of two solvent men on it. That
is not usually the way a trust company
does business, but Colonel Mann, in-
solvant, with two judgments standing
against him, goes down to that company
and on his note gets \$10,000. He got
\$76,000 from James R. Keens on real
estate over night, while usually loans
on that sort of property follow searching
examinations of title, which occupy
weeks."

Town Topics, he said, is composed
of men bribed to betray confidences.
Servants, valets, and even mistresses,
were asked to betray their secrets and
confidences. Shepard then read the in-
structions of Mann to what he called
the sneaks in clubs, in kitchens and,
maybe, in churches, in which the col-
onel intrusted them to the effect that
ribalism was more effective than abuse.

"There is in Town Topics office," said
Shepard, "what is called an index, a
history of lechery, lust, dishonesty,
beastliness and gruesome scandal gather-
ed in the home and elsewhere by
agents of the paper for use at a mo-
ment's notice. Think of the names of
young girls and the scandal there pre-
served. Why the devil himself might
laugh with pleasure as he goes through
that trashy house of blind para-
graphs."

When Shepard finished his argument
the case was adjourned until today, when
District Attorney Jerome will
sum up for the prosecution.

Soldier Is in Hospital

Boston, Jan. 23.—Charles R. Rob-
erts' wife had left him and his children
were taken in charge yesterday by
agents of the Society for the Pre-
vention of Cruelty to Children. The father
acted queerly and an agent of the
Children's Aid society accompanied
him to a hospital for examination. At
the hospital Roberts entered a lavatory
and, drawing a razor from his pocket,
cut his throat, dying almost immedi-
ately.

Sentiment Favors Lock Canal

Washington, Jan. 24.—A lock canal
at a cost of \$147,000,000 and not more
than eight years to build, or a sea-level
canal at a cost of about \$250,000,000
and from 12 to 15 years to build, were
two problems discussed by the senate
committee on inter-oceanic canals. The
lock type was favored by Chief Engi-
neer Stevens and informal expressions
of members of the committee favor
Stevens' recommendations.

Woman Burned to Death

Quincy, Mass., Jan. 24.—Cecilia S.
Phien, a domestic in the family of
Henry Berger, was fatally burned last
night while alone in the house. It is
believed that the woman attempted to
fill a lighted lamp. Some passersby
discovered the fire and, rushing in,
found the woman lying on the floor
with her dress in flames. She died a
few hours later.

Lent \$200,000 for Parks

Worcester, Mass., Jan. 23.—The will
of William A. Richardson, a wealthy
recluse who committed suicide by
hanging, was allowed in probate court
by Judge Forbes, after a contest by
relatives. The will leaves the bulk of
the fortune, estimated at \$200,000, to
Worcester, for its public parks.

Life Sentence For Murder

Pittsfield, Mass., Jan. 25.—Andrea
Luciano of this city, who was found
guilty of the murder of Vincenzo Fil-
lipo here, was sentenced to life impris-
onment by Judge Crosby in the super-
ior court.

Working Hours Reduced

Pawtucket, R. I., Jan. 26.—The mill
of the American Hair Cloth company
here was shut down last night, follow-
ing a threat of women employed as
weavers to strike. Two weeks ago a
notice was posted announcing a change
in the wage schedule which the weavers
decreed amounted to a reduction of
20 percent. About 125 hands are af-
fected by the shutdown.

NEW TRIAL REFUSED

Murderer Tucker's Latest Motion Denied by Judge Sherman
Boston, Jan. 26.—The motion for a
new trial in the case of Charles L.
Tucker, under conviction of the mur-
der of Mabel Page, was denied by
Judge Sherman of the superior court.
The court holds that the trial justices
had believed there was evidence in re-
garded to the larceny of money from the
Page house, and if counsel believed
that there was no such evidence they
should have called it to the attention
of the court at the time of the judge's
charge, when a mistake of fact, if any,
could have been corrected. There was
evidence of loss of money, and the
value and weight of it was for the jury.

In regard to the newly discovered
evidence, the court says part of it is
hearsay, and therefore incompetent,
and the rest cumulative and would not
have changed the result if offered at
the trial. So the last move made by
counsel for the youthfut prisoner for
a new trial avails nothing.

Chinamen in Mortal Combat

New York, Jan. 25.—A score of
Chinamen engaged in a revolver battle
in the streets of Chinatown, which re-
sulted in the death of two Chinamen,
the mortal wounding of a third and the
serious injury of a fourth combatant.
The battle was between members of the
two rival Chinese societies, the Hop
Sings and the On Leongs. When the
battle ended four Chinamen lay dead
or unconscious in the street and seven
Chinamen were prisoners.

Shoe Manufacturers' Ideas

Boston, Jan. 25.—At a meeting of 100
members of the New England Shoe
Manufacturers' Association in the Shoe
and Leather Exchange it was decided
that it was absolutely necessary either
to use inferior material in shoes or to
increase the price, and that the only
remedy for the leather situation was
to expose the tactics of the "beer, hide
and leather trusts" in an effort to
rouse the public to demand free hides.

To Investigate State Banks

Albany, Jan. 26.—The state assembly
committee on banks unanimously voted
in favor of a concurrent resolution pro-
viding for a joint special legislative
committee to investigate the state
bank department. The report will be
made to the assembly Monday. Most
of the leaders view with undisguised
solicitude the possibility of another in-
quiry likely to have profound effects
in the field of finance.

Serious Jolts by Earthquake

Albuquerque, N. M., Jan. 26.—The
whole region from Gallup, N. M., to
Seligman, Ariz., a distance of several
hundred miles, felt an earthquake
shock yesterday afternoon. At Williams,
Ariz., goods were blown from the
shelves of the stores and several build-
ings were jerked from their foundations.
At Flagstaff, chimneys were
tumbled over. No loss of life has thus
far been reported.

Beri Beri on Government Tug

Washington, Jan. 24.—News has
reached the navy department that two
of the Chinese crew of the Caesar, one
of the tugs that is towing the drydock
Dewey, have died of beri-beri, and that
another is ill of it. The Caesar recently
returned from the Asiatic station
and brought among her crew a number
of Chinese.

King Visiting Prospective Bride

Biarritz, France, Jan. 26.—King Alfonso
arrived here from San Sebastian and
immediately visited the Princess
Eva of Battenberg and her mother at
the villa Mouriscot. The proposal of
marriage may occur Sunday or Mon-
day. The authorities have adopted the
strictest precaution for the King's
safety.

Hugged Girl Against Her Will

Great Barrington, Mass., Jan. 25.—
Josef Krzynowek, a Pole, was fined \$5
and directed to pay Miss Cholek \$1 for
attempting to hug her while both were
at work in a local mill. Judge Sanford
further warned Krzynowek if he did not
refrain from his unwise attentions to
Miss Cholek he would be sent to jail.

Death in Midnight Fire

Boston, Jan. 25.—As the result of a
fire on Fifth street, South Boston,
about midnight, William Carey was
suffocated and seven families, number-
ing some 40 people in all, were driven
in panic into the street. Several were
rescued only through the heroism of po-
lice and firemen.

Counterfeit Bills in Circulation

Providence, Jan. 24.—Counterfeit
bills to an unusual number have made
their appearance in this city. The bills
are of the \$5 "Indian head" variety and
are of inferior workmanship. In a major-
ity of cases the bills were put into
circulation in districts frequented by
Italians.

Aeronaut Crosses the Pyrenees

Paris, Jan. 26.—Duro, the Spanish
aeronaut, started from Pau to cross
the Pyrenees by balloon and alighted
36 hours later at Gundiad in the province
of Granada. The distance between
Pau and Gundiad, as the crow
flies, is about 450 miles.

Named After Continental Officer

Washington, Jan. 26.—The military
reservation at Sabine head, mouth of
the Kennebec river, Me., has been
named Fort Baldwin, in honor of Col-
onel Jeduthan Baldwin, engineer and
artillery artificer regiment, Continental
army.

Longworth-Roosevelt Nuptials

Washington, Jan. 26.—President
and Mrs. Roosevelt have issued the
invitations to the wedding of Miss Long-
worth and Representative Longworth of
Ohio, which is to take place at noon,
Feb. 17, as already announced.

Working Hours Reduced

Middlebury, Vt., Jan. 26.—The L. C.
Hall Shoe company announces that a
one-hour day schedule will be in force
in the plant, beginning next week. The
concern employs about 200 hands and
has worked heretofore under a 10-hour
schedule. The reduction in hours was
unnoticed by the employees.

CLAIM OF FRANCE

Entitled to Special Privileges
in Morocco

IS OPPOSED BY GERMANY

Letter Wants the Country Con-
trolled by semi-Military Body
Italy Resists to Line Up
as Favoring E her Nation

Algiers, Jan. 25.—The confidential
exchanges now going on among the
representatives of the powers in the
Moroccan conference disclose the extreme
difficulty of arranging an agreement
that both France and Germany would
accept.

The German delegates put forward
the attractive principle of disinterestedness
and equal privileges for all countries.
The French delegates, on the other hand,
insist that France cannot be disinterested.
They affirm that, having followed an active policy
in Morocco for eight years and having
obtained numerous advantages, France
should not now be asked to take the
same position as all the rest of the world.

France virtually enunciates, in a
modified form, the principle of the Monroe
doctrine in Northwest Africa. She
has acquired and holds a position toward
Morocco that, according to her view,
makes equal political influence
with other powers impossible. On the
question of economic equality she says
"Yes," but on that of political equality
she answers "No."

Blackwell.

"I never give my photographs away," said Miss Moreton, primly, the dimple displaying itself almost reluctantly in her cheek.

"But I am an old friend," said I.

"Surely an old friend doesn't count."

"It's not the same thing," said Miss Moreton, vaguely. "Of course, it would be different if it were."

She ceased, apparently not knowing how to go on.

"Oh, very well," said I, with a slight smile, "I've got something to go on with."

She glanced at me swiftly, and then looked down the room, where the people were chattering.

"If one gave to one, one would have to give all," she said, earnestly.

"I'm thankful I have that snapshot at any rate," I said.

"Snapshot?" she said, looking at me suspiciously.

"Why, yes," said I. "You remember in the boat at Gorlitz last July. I took one of you then."

"I have no recollection of it," she said coldly.

"It was rather a good one, but of course not well developed and, naturally, not one of you at your best. But, at any rate, it's something."

"What sort of one was it?" she inquired, with interest. "You've no right to take photographs without telling one."

"On the contrary," I replied, "it has been held in law that you may take what photographs you will; only you mustn't sell them. I'm not going to sell yours."

"What is it like?" she inquired, ignoring this.

For answer I dived into my frock-coat pocket. "I have a print here," I said. "I've not lined it properly, but you can get an idea. It was when you were laughing at a story of Travers."

Miss Moreton almost plucked the photograph out of my fingers and examined it. "How abominable of you!" she said. "It's perfectly ridiculous. Good gracious, I didn't open my mouth like that!"

"It's a pretty mouth," said I.

"It's a detectable grimace and all out of drawing," she declared, with visible annoyance. "Amateur photography is all like that. People have no right to be let loose with cameras they don't understand."

"It's all I have," I pleaded. "If you would let me have a real one of you, I would willingly sacrifice it."

Miss Moreton appeared to hesitate. "Certainly not," she said at last with decision, "and you must please destroy these."

"That's the only print I have," I said weakly.

She eyed me for a moment, and then suddenly stooped and thrust it into the fire.

"I'm glad to hear it," she said, shortly.

I made no attempt at rescue, but watched the poor thing burn.

"When you are going to let me have one of yours," I said.

"Indeed, no such thing," she replied, and walked off toward a group who were discussing Mr. Beerbohm Tree. I sat down beside a young lady in fur, and entered into a disquisition on motor cars, of which I knew nothing. Presently Miss Morton passed us.

"Do you prefer a Panhard or Mercedes?" I asked her. She paused. "I don't know the difference," she said.

"Oh, do you motor?" asked the young lady in the fur coat with enthusiasm.

"Miss Moreton rows," said I. "She punts very well, but she's not a first rate hand with the oars."

"Indeed!" said Miss Moreton to me distinctly.

"At least she's unconventional in her style," I went on. "Sometimes she catches 'crabs'."

The young lady in the fur coat tilted, and Miss Moreton looked at me with displeasure.

"I don't pretend to all the accomplishments," she said.

"Nor do I," I replied. "But I can take a sort of photograph. I have one of a 'crab'."

She was going on but hesitated. It was I who rose and bade my motoring acquaintance good-bye. I walked toward my hostess and the door, and ere I reached the former I found Miss Morton at my heels.

"What do you mean, Mr. Mallison?" she asked quickly. "Why do you talk about crabs and photographs?"

"Oh, I only remembered that I took another snapshot last year," I replied.

She was silent for a moment, and then "Please explain," she said.

"Don't you remember when you went over and Travers picked you up?" I asked. "I was just going to take a beautiful picture of your head, and it turned out."

"Yes," she said, now quite rosy red, "and what did it turn out?"

"Oh, it was a picture of your heels and your—"

"How abominable of you," she interrupted hastily.

"But you can see your head also," I assured her. "You're falling—I mean, leaning—backward, with a terrified but fascinating smile on your face, and your skirt is—"

"Of course, you will destroy it at once," she interrupted with her former hauteur.

I demurred.

"It really is a very good one of you; at least, of part of you. If you could see it—"

"I don't want to see it," she broke in, "you must destroy it at once."

"But it's the only thing I have of you, now that you've burnt that," and I indicated the fire.

"You've no right to say of me, I don't see why you want me at all," said Miss Moreton hotly.

"I don't say I have any right," I replied weakly, "but I'm going to stick to what I have. After all, it's mine. I took it."

"It's perfectly disgraceful of you, and—and—the law," declared she, her face suddenly flushed now, and her eyes bright with anger. "It's monstrous that I—that one hasn't any command over one's own—own person."

"You hadn't any command at that moment," I said.

She cast me a fiery glance and bit her lip as if on something she had decided to suppress. I think she determined at that moment to try diplomacy.

"Tell me," she said, in a milder voice, "tell me exactly what it is like, and how I'm—how I came out, I mean."

"Well, you know what happens when you catch a 'crab,'" I said evasively.

"Yes," she said doubtfully. "You mean—am I—do I?" She hesitated almost wistfully.

"Well, you do, rather," I answered reluctantly.

"Mr. Mallison," she said, earnestly and very persuasively, putting a hand on my arm, "you will destroy it, won't you?"

It was pretty sit was pathetic; it almost succeeded.

But I hardened my heart. "On one condition," I said firmly, "and it's a

very easy condition. I might make much better terms."

Miss Moreton sauntered away lugubriously. I proceeded on my way to her mother to make my address. The room was fairly empty now, and I was following a little knot of departing guests into the hall when I heard my name reiterated earnestly and softly, I turned.

"Mr. Mallison, I wish you would stay just one moment," said Miss Moreton. "—" She hesitated, glanced about the emptying room and then moved toward the back of it, where a little antechamber gave upon it through wide folding doors. I followed.

"You really mean what you say?" she asked suddenly confounding me. I said that I did. "Very well," she said, buttily. "It's the most atrocious violation of you, and I'll never forget or forgive it. But—"

She angrily tossed open an album on the table and at last stopped. I bent down on a beautiful face on fair shoulders crowning a pretty evening gown, looking at me with a charming smile. I looked at my companion. I wished she would smile like that at me, but in her anger she was wonderful. Her gaze expressed coldness, disdaine, contempt.

"It's a magnificent likeness," I breathed, fervently. "It's—it's divine."

"It's said to be good," said Miss Moreton, indifferently.

"Do you think so, really?" asked Miss Moreton.

"It's your living, breathing image that looks out on me," I continued.

"They do take very well, as a rule, those people," said Miss Moreton, affably.

"You can't wonder that I want it," I exclaimed. "I give anything for—"

"Well, you can take it, if you'll give me your word to destroy the—that other thing," she said, in a not unfriendly voice.

I promised, and she graciously helped me to extract the photograph from the album. I buttoned it safely over my heart in my pocket, but Miss Moreton, having completed the bargain, of course took no interest in the matter. She was gazing down the room at some one else. But a thought occurred to her.

"You haven't shown that—that absurd snapshot to anyone," she asked anxiously.

"Oh, no," I said. "I've never printed it."

"Oh!" she said, "but you said—"

"Well, you see, I could make out some patches and foot, but I broke it, unfortunately, as I was developing it."

Miss Moreton's mouth was firm. "Mr. Mallison, give me back that photograph," she demanded.

"But I'm going to finish the breakfast," I protested.

"Give it back to me at once," she insisted, advancing on me. I was driven to it. Besides the rest of the room might hear us.

"I'll give it back if you'll give me the original," I said boldly, but quite low.

Miss Moreton paused; she was taken aback. Her face flushed warmly.

"—You—oh!" she stammered. "Mr. Mallison?"

"Is it a bargain?" I said anxiously, holding out the photograph toward her.

She hesitated, the pretty glow still on her face, and she was not looking at me.

"You are—oh, you are dreadful!" she said with a tiny, troubled laugh.

"But, in that case, perhaps, you'd better keep the photograph."

"Oh, I embarrassed me so," said the girl, telling of it later. "Just think there I was explaining telegraphy to the man who invented it!"—Denver Post.

They Got Mark Twain.

Henry A. Rogers, vice-president of the Standard Oil Company, head of the "system" as vigorously denounced by Thomas W. Lawson and generally considered one of the cold-blooded money makers in the country, has qualified for president of the Millionaire Johnnies' Union, which chief, John D. Rockefeller, founded in Cleveland last summer. To the reporters he said:

"Well, boys," said Mr. Rogers, "did you ever hear the story of how Mark Twain met the Rev. Dr. Twitchell and got religion? No? When he went to Hartford to live his wife said to him one day: 'Samuel, we have wandered around a good while and I'd like to join some church and be respectable. It's the thing to do—at least it was the way I was brought up in Elmira.' Mark agreed and suggested that they make the rounds of the churches and pick out the one they liked best.

"They did so, Sunday after Sunday, until they had visited all, and then for a few Sundays nothing was said. Twain hoped that the subject was forgotten and he would not have to go anywhere. But one day Mrs. Clemens, sternly, 'It is not serious you need, but prayers.'

Twain thought a while. Then he replied:

"Well, if it's your prayers I need, let's go to Dr. Twitchell's church. He wasn't very hard on me in his prayers."

"So, to Dr. Twitchell's church they went. Some weeks later a Hartford man met Joseph Hawley in Washington. 'Say, Senator,' he exclaimed, 'we have a great religious revival in Hartford.' 'Indeed,' said Hawley. 'I hadn't heard about it.' 'Oh, it was very successful. We only lost seventeen, but we got Mark Twain.'"

Then Mr. Rogers was called to the witness stand to talk about Standard Oil. His smile was replaced by a stern frown, and his merry jests were turned into evasions and refusals to answer the attorney general's questions.

The Mean Thing.

There is an exceedingly gullible young girl working in a Denver branch telegraph office. She is new at the business, having telegraphed less than a month. Yesterday a young man approached her desk and expressed a desire to know how the instruments worked. With a noticeable air of superior knowledge the girl explained them in detail. Then she sent a message. When she had finished the young man handed her a paper bearing something he had written.

"What will it cost to send that message?" he asked.

She looked at it and blushed. It was a reproduction of the message she had just sent. He had copied it from the instruments.

"So you are an operator too, eh?" she said.

"My dear little girl," replied the youth without cracking a smile. "I am Mr. Morse, the man who invented telegraphy." Then he left.

"Oh, I embarrassed me so," said the girl, telling of it later. "Just think there I was explaining telegraphy to the man who invented it!"—Denver Post.

The Same Old Fib.

She—And are you sure you love me with all your heart, and you never will deserve me in the slightest thing?

He—Yes, darling, I love you, and I never will deserve you. And will you always tell me the truth and the whole truth, and never try to keep anything from me?

She—George, dearest, how can you ask it?

And then, when he asked her how old she was, in order to put it in the marriage certificate, she made herself two years younger than she knew herself to be.

Immortal "Platform."

An American lady visited Stratford-Upon-Avon lately and "gushed" even above the usual high-water mark of American fervor. She had not recovered from the attack when she reached the railway station, for she remarked to a friend as they walked out onto the platform:

"And to think that it was from this very platform the immortal bard would depart whenever he journeyed to town!"—Tit-Bits.

Made Due Preparations.

"Do you believe that Lusher really saw a sea serpent on his last yachting trip?"

"I have no doubt of it at all. I was with him when he was purchasing his supplies, and I know that he made ample preparation to see one."

One by one the occupations of which number his has hitherto enjoyed a monopoly are passing into the hands of weak, defenseless women. The latest to go by the board, so to speak, is carpentering, for instruction in which classes for ladies have recently been established at Abington.

Henceforth no man shall dare aver

The sex worships vain,

For how can beauty rule her?

Who thus affects the plane?

Cupid laughs at locksmiths, but what will be say to carpenters in petticoats?

"I haven't had time to breath since I arrived, at eight-thirty this morning," complained the cashier to the book-keeper.

"You should do your breathing before you come to the office," replied the book-keeper.

"You are charged with perjury. Guilty or not guilty?"

"Well, your honor, I swear to a lie or two, but that wasn't perjury. It was politics,"—Philadelphian Ledger.

"What? Ten dollars fine for calling that man an ox? Last time it was only \$5."

"Yes, but the beef trust has raised

the price of beef since then,"—Punch.

Apples and potatoes are money bringers to the farmers who have them for sale this winter.

Winter ventilation for the poultry house by means of the open or cloth covered front is now all the talk.

There is profit in butternut growing, according to the Nut Journal.

R. D. Widdowson of Arkansas says that

where hogs are allowed free access to cotton seed they will probably poison themselves unless freely supplied with other food.

Apples and potatoes are money bringers to the farmers who have them for sale this winter.

(Continued from page 10.)

I have lately heard talk of a scheme that seems to me exceedingly noteworthy. Certain well-known Parisian architects, artists, architects and men of letters are about to found a city. Apparently they are not satisfied with the rare pleasure of finding something that they are by the concept of need of escape the excitement and profanity of the great centers of modern life. They dream of a quiet town to which they can go and find shelter from the excitements and vanities of the social hurry-bury. They want to found their city as carefully as they would found a club. They want to make it a close corporation. Nobody will be allowed to live in it unless he has a clear title to citizenship in the Republic of Letters and the Arts.

The idea is certainly attractive, nor is there anything especially surprising about it. What more natural than that victims of our decrepit civilization should look back wistfully to the days when youthful tribes roamed their wandering at pleasure to fix their dwelling in the land of their choice? What to entice them to quit the smoky, horizons-less metropolis and enter the land of sunshine and there—with one's own hands, so to speak—build an ideal home in a city planned only by one's chosen friends? For these impassioned builders all have the same tastes, the same aspirations.

They're as madly in love with their future city, I imagine, as Heracles was with his villa. They make it the symbol of their independence and the guaranty of their repose. No one will work in the future city, say they. It will be purely a city of rest. Its people will never be disturbed by anxiety for the future. They will bask in the present, like shrewd epicureans, and evoke from the past its most enduring memories. With no ambition save that of tasting the sweets of existence with artistic delight, time will pass altogether deliciously. And time will be infinitely valuable, for nobody will think of selling a picture upon it and declaring it to be "money." Time will be loved for its own sake only.

We shall have fed fat, indeed, from the current idea of living. We shall have returned to the olden ages, that knew nothing whatever of the complicated machinery that stamps human existence with incessant trepidation and an ever increasing feverishness. Our founders don't intend to put all the resources of recent invention at the service of their enterprise. Their city won't be the last word on scientific perfection. It won't in the least resemble a roaring Anglo-Saxon town. Rudyard Kipling will never chafe its charms. Its serene grace would be better celebrated by a John Ruskin, who would admire the return to simplicity, quietude, and the worship of nature.

The site of the future city has already been chosen, and attests the aesthetic taste of those who—tomorrow, perhaps—will be its first inhabitants. Like all famous cities—those mothers of civilization—the City will rise in the basin of the Mediterranean. By the shore of that sounding sea which cradles the childhood dreams of our race, upon a site that possesses the harmonious lines of Greece and the luxuriant verdure of the Orient, and, at the head of a gulf with shores drawn gracefully in broad curves like those of the scanty leaves there you will one day find the new city. It will rest upon French soil. The chosen spot lies hidden away on the Côte d'Azur in a nook quite remote from the regions pre-empted by fashion. It is just behind the islands of Hyères. M. Sardou already owns a hillside holding there.

Properly speaking, the location has not been discovered, it has been rediscovered. Our ancestors knew it well and valued it so highly that they built a city there and named it Heracles. The new Heracles will accordingly replace the ancient one. Still unborn, it boasts a high and noble lineage, and it will link its future to an illustrious past. Heracles de Gaulle flourished during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries of ours, and had many lovely ladies belonging to merchants from Marseilles and wealthy Ligurians.

Our artists are pleased to place the resuscitated city under the protection of Hercules—just as was in the olden times. They doubtless expect that their propitiatory worship will yield them a sound and safe repose, for they don't attribute too much to this idea of patronage, or seek to make a dozen illustrious works the prerequisites for admission. That would be altogether too aristocratic a conception. And yet one foresees that upstarts won't find it easy to enter the promised land. Heracles will be a place for those upon whom Fortune has deigned to smile. Only proud mortals with handsome incomes will stroll its streets. Heracles will be an object lesson full of encouragement for future generations.

Will Heracles ever exist? Will the project whose charms I have just exhibited ever be realized? If it may more than a poetic dream? I hastened to hunt down all the Heracles I could hear of, and when I caught up with the first of them—a man still young and vigorous—he showed me two large photographs that lay on the sofa in his study.

"Here are two views of the chosen spot. You see we aren't merely building air castles. It's a lovely place! The valley is rich in tall palms, while the hills—as elegantly outlined as the Tuscan mountaineers—are covered with pines. The sea forms a bay with magnificent curves, and the Maure Mountains shelter the whole region from the awful blasts of the mistral. It's a wonder it's been left uninhabited. The glitter of fashion has never visited it. It's almost like a little island. The thought of one day going to live there is a sure cure for snail, and the sight of that exquisite bay, where I can already see my cottage, consoles me for the rains and fog of Paris. Even now I take refuge in Heracles in my leisure moments. I could wish that I might have nothing but leisure moments."

"The supreme charm of Heracles is the certainty that tasteless houses won't be tolerated there, or sumptuous villas or pretences of any sort. Every new building must first be approved by the 'citizens,' and they'll see to it that the site isn't disbarred. Besides, M. Nezon, the celebrated architect, has already made us some drawings, and he will be regularly consulted so as to check the caprices of property-holders."

I took pains to call upon this M. Nezon, who was so thoroughly qualified, according to the Heracians, to tell me about Heracles. The architect of the Sarbonne, who perfectly understands the value of proportion, has reduced those of the famous scheme to their just measure.

"It is true that we want to found a sort of colony—a group of vilas for a certain class of friends—on the Côte d' Azur,

between the Heracles and Marseilles. The day past, I could only find no single instance of a house worthy of the name. Don't speak of using a thing as a whole—whole house. Nothing could be more unfortunate than that!"

"The thing we must especially avoid is houses to architect. We want no villas, no pediments, no statues. I recommend very simple houses, in the antique style, in keeping with the landscape and the climate. I forbid the Sarbonne, which is fully out of place on those sunny shores. I should be pleased by the adoption of the picture-que and comfortable rustic houses of Capri or of the little Greek cities; white walls with well-planned window openings and no balconies; terraces, as in the Orient, before the entrance; and a pergola in the Italian style. The rooms should be spacious, not too high, and a friendly look of bounties. The walls should be thick, so as to temper the rigor of the seasons. Finally the houses should be homogeneous. I have drawn the plans for my own house and that of a friend of mine."

"I don't want telephones or electricity. The railroad is about two miles and a half away; I hope it will stay there. We shall not be tempted to burry at Heracles. We shall live for the sake of living."

"I shall spend my declining years there, and there I shall lay me down to die. Like the old man in 'Faust,' we shall watch the ships sail past; but, happier than they, as we gaze upon the all but Grecian blue of the sea, we shall fancy that now and then we're catching sight of Ulysses' white sail.

"At present the surroundings of Heracles are an unbroken desert; you may walk twenty miles along the beaches without meeting a living soul. The whole district is abandoned, and you would never imagine that a city flourished there in the twelfth century. And yet it was a favorite watering place, like the Bakes, in the days of the Empire, and land was then as dear as in the Boulevard des Italiens, costing 4000 francs a metre."

"On the site of my future house are the remains of a Roman villa. I intend to excavate them. As for me, a good gentleman from Lyons has got ahead of me; he has touched a dynamite cartridge under the soil and the explosion strewed the surface with coins and medals. He made presents of them to all his friends—except me."

"Now, you see, we've nothing to do but build our villas. The city will come later. I shall make my place fit on the spot, and in the sunshine of that lovely shore. Like the villa, the city will be of the Mid-style of architecture—without ornament. Everything will be sacrificed to comfort and simplicity. The streets and avenues will avoid the right-angle regularity of modern thoroughfares, and their graceful curves will be a delight to the eye."

Rejecting the gifts of civilization, the Heracians will return to the primitive life of peoples more artistic than scientific. A city without railroads, without electricity, without telephones and without automobiles will be absolutely exceptional—that—if ever it is built—the whole world will want to visit it. Our artists will no longer have it all to themselves. Will they raise an army to defend their gates? In our day the founding of a city involves numberless unforeseen difficulties. And I may add that the project encounters a lot of scepticism. A clever friend of mine, to whom I had described it, exclaimed: 'A city—a city of artists!—and probably a city of old artists! But such folks can't keep peace among themselves for the space of a good dinner!—Joseph Galtier le Temps.

Why His Father Loves Him.

Little George is the apple of his father's eye, and it would seem that he deserves to be. A little while ago rough looking individual came to the house where little George lives, and grabbed him by the collar.

"If you don't tell me where your father keeps his money," growled this exemplary person, "I'll knock yer' head off yer' shoulders, an' after that I'll eat yer!"

"Oh, please don't do that, sir," whispered George. "You'll find all the money we've got in an old waist-coat in the kitchen!"

Two minutes later a bruised and battered wreck was heaved through the front door of little George's dwelling place, and sat for a while in the gutter and blushed.

"That kid's too smart—unnatural smart!" it muttered. "Never said a word about 'Is ole man bein' inside the waistkit!—Answers.

Gave More Than She Knew.

Two of the rare Georgetown stamps of British Guiana came into the possession of collectors in a curious way.

In searching among her papers an old lady came across two used postage stamps of the 1850 issue. Knowing that old stamps had a value, and having little money, she placed the envelope in the offering box at church, explaining to the rector they were all she had and perhaps they might bring a dollar or so from a stamp dealer.

The rector was something of a collector himself, and informed her of their real value, offering to return them to her, to be disposed of for her own benefit.

She indignantly declared they had been freely offered the church and that their great value did not affect the gift. He arranged to dispose of them at auction, and the two were sold for \$1,020.

Turning the Laugh on Harold.

"No, Harold," said the fair, proud girl, "I can never be yours!"

"Never?" he cried in anguished tones.

"Never," she answered coldly.

His mood changed.

"Oh, very well," he sneered. "There are others."

"You, Harold, I know there are," she said, "and I accepted one of them this afternoon."—Minneapolis Journal.

The Universal Incident.

Passerby—"Is that your pork down there on the road, Guv'nor?"

Farmer—"Pork! What d'ye mean?"

There's a pig of mine out there."

Passerby—"Ah, but there's a motor car just been by."—Punch.

His Memory.

"Did you ever find that when you stood up to talk before an assemblage you forgot everything you ever knew?"

"No," answered Senator Borgham.

"I never was investigated."

—O. H. COOPER, Jr.

From the *Minneapolis Journal*.

—*Sketches*.

Notes and Queries.

In sending notes to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given, and all queries as far as possible be given with clearness. 3. Write in memory of Thomas Sherman, who died May 18, 1811, in the 87th of his age, else his wife Mary, who died May 18, 1810, aged 87.

In memory of Levi Sherman, son of Richard and Elizabeth, b. Feb. 16, 1767, d. Apr. 17, 1812.

Mary Sherman, wife of Levi, d. of Tillington Almy, d. Sept. 18, 1806, aged 78.

The old Lawton Cemetery on the Stone House Farm, east of Quaker Hill, East Main Street, Portsmoutb.

LAWTON—Robert M. Lawton, son of Henry and Elizabeth Lawton, d. Dec. 31, 1841, ag. 2 w. 8 d.

William H. Lawton, son of Henry and Elizabeth Lawton, d. Oct. 30, 1844, ag. 16 y. 9 m.

LAWTON—Elizabeth Lawton 2d, wife of Henry, d. Mar. 26, 1857, ag. 60 y. 5 m. 14 d.

Henry Lawton, died July 5, 1852, ag. 65 y. 6 m. 22 d.

Sally Lawton, wife of Henry, died July 1819, ag. 26 y. 5 m.

Job Lawton, who departed this life Jan. 5, 1777, ag. 24 y.

In memory of Alice Lawton, who departed this life, Mar. 5, 1807, ag. 56 y.

In memory of Sarah, daughter of Henry and Elizabeth, who died Nov. 8, 1820, ag. 33 y.

In memory of Elizabeth Lawton, widow of Henry Lawton, Esq., born June 13, 1768, d. May 10, 1848.

In memory of Henry Lawton, who died Mar. 10, 1826, ag. 60 y.

In memory of Mary Ann, daughter of Henry and Elizabeth Lawton, who died Feb. 15, 1826, ag. 30 y.

In memory of Lucy P. Lawton, daughter of the late Henry, Esq., who died June 11, 1883, ag. 61 y. 8 m. 6 d.

In memory of Elizabeth Lawton, daughter of the late Henry Lawton, Esq., who died Jan. 18, 1857, ag. 72 y. 10 m. 6 d.

In memory of Mrs. Frances Lawton, wife of Mr. Job Lawton, who died Sept. 25, 1830, in the 32d. y. of her age.

George P. Lawton died Jan. 18, 1857, ag. 37 y.

In memory of Mrs. Phebe Lawton, wife of Mr. George Lawton, and daughter of Christopher and Ruth Barker, d. Oct. 28, 1853, ag. 81 y.

In memory of Edward F. Lawton, son of George and Phebe Lawton, d. Apr. 11, 1886, ag. 45 y. 5 m. 10 d.

LAWTON—Phebe Barker, infant daughter of George and Phebe Lawton, who d. Apr. 8, 1854, ag. 9 m. 15 d.

Lydia Lawton, wife of Gideon, d. Feb. 16, 1857, ag. 47 y. 5 m. 16 d.

Deacon Gideon Lawton, b. Mar. 4, 1804, d. Jan. 27, 1873.

The old Sisson Cemetery on the Thomas Holman farm, East Main Street, late Quaker Hill, Portsmoutb.

SISSON—Ruth Potter, wife of Phillip, and daughter of George and Anna Sisson, b. 3 m. 23 d. 1790, d. 4 m. 18 d. 1870, ag. 80 y. 20 d.

Elizabeth, daughter of George Sisson, b. July 21, 1787, d. Aug. 24, 1864, ag. 77.

Annie Sisson, wife of George, b. Nov. 9, 1752, d. Apr. 27, 1849.

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The old Sisson Cemetery on the Thomas Holman farm, East Main Street, late Quaker Hill, Portsmoutb.

SISSON—Ruth Potter, wife of Phillip, and daughter of George and Anna Sisson, b. 3 m. 23 d. 1790, d. 4 m. 18 d.